

# KRS-One Lyrics

## ""P" Is Still Free"

Awww yeah! All ruffneck rudebwoy hold tight  
Just a little somethin for the Jeep  
Turn my voice up a little bit and let's get this started  
Comin to you live and direct from the 1986 version  
Comin up to 1993  
Of course, Premier on the beat  
Now check it out

The girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!  
I said the girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

Ridin one day in a '92 Beamer  
After seven years I seen Denise she still a skeezer  
But look what she did, she went and had a kid - no dad  
And just released her ass out the rehab  
You think she'd act like she don't know  
She's still a hoe, but umm check my man for the show  
"Hiiiiii, DJ K-R-S"  
She tried to shake her butt, I rolled my window up!  
She got pissed and said, "You ain't all that!"  
And went and got some other girl schemin for crack  
In my car, I couldn't hear what they spoke about  
I hit the ac-celerator and I was out!  
I never check my man but I knew the plan  
Come to the jam MC's in there be thinkin they Superman  
Sure enough, the place is packed with no breeze  
Crazy girls - and wall to wall MC's  
I'm like a cat these MC's are Fancy Feast  
I'm thinkin of rhymes but I'm interrupted by Denise  
She said, "Kris I really need a favor honey  
My girlfriend here really needs some quick money!"  
I looked at her girlfriend and her girlfriend was fly  
But I ain't stupid, she had that LOOK in her eye  
I touched her back, she said, "Denise has he got the crack?  
Is he the one? I gotta run back and feed my son"  
I said, "How old is your son?" She said, "Three months"  
I walked away but my man cold bust her fronts  
So she pulled out a gun and shot him in the party  
Except for the MC's, I knew EVERYBODY  
She tried to let off a shot, one more time  
But got stomped so bad, she turned to wine  
No one could find Denise for several weeks  
You know the time, on this '93 beat

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I knew a group that had a dope lead singer  
Swinger, single guy, that knew his style was fly  
After the show he was tired sweaty and kinda sloppy

But of course, a million girls are in the lobby!  
He saw a group of girls hangin out and lookin good  
So he took one to his room because he knew he could  
Inside the room he said, "Make love to me and never stop"  
She said, "Sure, but how's about a crack rock?"  
I knew my man down the hall had it all  
So he called, down the hall, but homeboy wasn't there at all  
He turned to the girl and said, "My man ain't there"  
So she let down her hair, unzipped his pants down right there  
Oral sex in effect, or rather deep throat  
But just before he came she bit his dick and slit his throat  
As he fell back dizzy, he began to choke  
She took his wallet and said, "You ain't broke!"

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*[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Oh yeahhh!"]*

Yes Premier you know you rule hip-hop, an'  
yes Ced Gee you know you run hip-hop, an'  
yes Kenny bwoy you run hip-hop, an'  
but KRS-One'll rock it non-stop!  
When I'm Brooklyn, we rulin HIP-HOP!  
When I'm in Jersey, we runnin hip-hop  
Over in Brazil yes we rulin HIP-HOP!  
Over in Germany we rulin hip-hop  
But in New York, we rulin y'all tonight badda-bye-bye-bye  
In New York, we rulin y'all to-NIGHT!  
We come to rock you whether you black or you white  
Cause KRS-One, you know I'm never frank, come catch the style

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*[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Boogie Down Productions"]*

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